THE SUBURBAN CITIZEN.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

One valuable result has been achieved by Mr. Sheldon's "ideal newspaper." It has made everybody think better of the real newspaper.

The worst effect of war is that it selects and destroys the best products of civilization. It weeds out young men who have the vigorous qualities needed by society.

If some one would establish a school to inculcate the proper method of carrying an umbrella or cane he would confer a lasting favor on those whose eyes are constantly exposed to danger.

A new danger is added to folding beds. Recently a house in a Western city was entered by burglars, and a young man sleeping in a folding bed was chloroformed. Afterwards the burglars were captured, and admitted to the police that had the young man shown any sign of consciousness before the drug was administered, the bed would have been promptly shut up.

That this nation is to achieve industrial supremacy, though not without a struggle, is hardly open to doubt. Some years ago Mr. Gladstone, in urging a system of special training for English workmen, predicted the ultimate triumph of America in the great industrial conflict that is to mark the coming century; and in which, naturally, England, Germany and this country will be the leading competitors.

The Philadelphia Ledger says that "a bacteriologist asked a woman who did not usually have to go on very dirty streets if he might make an experiment on one of her skirts. It was a comparatively new one, and received daily brushing. He found on part of the skirt binding at the hem the following small menagerie: Two hundred thousand germs, many bearing diphtheria, pneumonia and tonsilitis; also collections of typhoid and consumption microbes."

In some of the smaller New England towns the local street railway companies during the winter voluntarily assumed the expense of keeping available ice ponds, or lakes, in good condition for skating, by cleaning off the snow, maintaining electric lights at night and of flooding the ice when it had become badly cut up. They found that this was a good investment, as the traffic created by the skating more than paid for the small expense they were under. No fees were charged for getting on the ice.

The Duke of Veragua, descendant of Columbus, who carried the insignia of the order of the Golden Fleece to Crown Prince Frederick William of Prussia, has a poor opinion of America and Americans because they do not pension him up to the limit of his own sense of his deservings. The country does not fail in a high esteem for his ancestors, and might extend some portion of it to the Duke if it knew more about him. All it really does know—beyond the fact that he nearly bankrupted himself some years ago trying to elevate Parisian taste by popularizing the genuine Spanish bull-fight among the French—is that he has held his hat out without intermission since the Columbus celebration a few years ago first brought him into American attention, and he may continue to hold it for some time before it is filled quite up to the level of his wishes.

A movement is on foot to put a one-half cent coin in general use in the United States. Several suggestions have been made to the government and the other day a document was presented, signed by the heads of the big department stores of New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, and Pittsburg, showing the need for this money in making change where articles are sold at 3 1-2c, 7 1-2c, 12 1-2c, and at similar prices. The half-cent coin has been in use in Chicago for the last two years, and now one of the New York stores has ordered one-half million one-half cent coins. These coins are to be made of copper, size one-half inch in diameter, or just two-thirds the size of the regular one cent piece. Stamped in heavy raised figures and letters on one side will be "1-2 cent," and on the reverse side will appear the name and address of the firm issuing the coins. So far the United States government has nothing to do with issuing this new money. It is put out by individual firms and is only recognized at the store from which it is issued. The proprietors of the big stores are anxious, however, to have the government, make and recognize the one-half cent coin.

LOST IN THE CHAPARRAL.

BY EDWARD B. CLARK.

REPRODUCE in your mind a grassless stretch of country with great cracks showing in the sun-baked earth, with here and there a stunted, leafless tree, and upon a hillock a little way off a gaunt, gray wolf silhouetted against the sky, and you will have some idea of the nature of one part of the country through which for two years the United States regulars marched and scouted in the attempt to kill or capture a band of notorious bandits.

If you should ride some hours over this desolate waste you would come at length to a dense woodland of chaparral, an almost impenetrable thorny thicket which stretches for many leagues along the Rio Grande River and extends miles inland from either bank. Since the time seven years ago when Uncle Sam's cavalrymen finally succeeded in rounding up and punishing the outlaws the face of that southeastern Texas country has changed. Rain, which nature had denied to the spot for nearly two years, has again visited the region. Verdure has again appeared and the dried earth has drunk to its fill with rejoicing.

There was a man with Mexican parentage, but a citizen of the United States, Caterino E. Garza by name, who it was thought intended to engage in an attempt looking to the driving of President Diaz of Mexico from his office and to the establishing of himself in the presidential chair. Garza did not have enough followers in his first raid to cause much anxiety to the Mexican authorities. After a fight on Mexican territory the leader, with about two hundred men, retreated into Texas and there for two years hid in the dense thickets along the river, making occasional forays and doing a great amount of smuggling. Uncle Sam put a number of regiments in the field to hunt down the outlaws, but owing to the nature of the country and their familiarity with the trails the hunt was a long one. It was during this campaign against the outlaws that Trooper Thomas of D Troop of the Third Cavalry had the experience of which this story tells.

Captain George F. Chase, now fighting insurgents in the Philippines, was in command of D Troop in the field against the bandits. The little body of troopers was encamped at a ranch about thirteen miles from the edge of the chaparral, through the heart of which at a distance of thirty-five miles lay the Rio Grande River. One morning before the last star had disappeared from the southern sky a scout rode hurriedly to camp. He threw himself from his horse at the challenge from the sentinel and said he must see the commanding officer at once. The ringing toned "Who comes there?" of the sentry as he checked the progress of the rider at the point of his carbine roused Captain Chase, and in a minute he was confronting the scout, who reported that there was a gathering of Garza's men just within the chaparral near the ranch called St. Gertrude, something more than twelve miles away. Within ten minutes the commaning officer and two-thirds of his troop were galloping in the direction indicated by the scout. At St. Gertrude's ranch, whose southern boundary was the edge of the chaparral, the captain dismounted his men and threw them into a skirmish line with an interval of about two yards between each skirmisher. In this order the line went forward into the chaparral. Just as the men entered the outlying edge of the thorny thicket a volley was poured into them, but no one was hurt. They advanced several hundred yards into the dense tangle of mesquite, prickly pear and other thorn-growing southern vegetation, and finally found the place where the enemy had camped. The bandits, however, had disappeared, and pursuit through that labyrinth was a physical impossibility.

On the extreme right of the skirmish line was Trooper Thomas. So thick was the undergrowth that he could not see, save at times, the skirmisher on his left, only two yards distant. Thomas lost his direction a little and managed to get farther away from his nearest comrade than the order for the skirmish line formation demanded. Suddenly there came the clear, ringing trumpet order: "Assemble on the centre skirmisher." This meant that the men at the right and left of the center should turn and march directly toward the centre, thus eventually bringing the command shoulder to shoulder in close order. Trooper Thomas turned and headed, as he supposed, for the sound of the trumpet. He heard his nearest comrade thrashing through the thicket and supposed that he was following close in his wake. He soon found that he was getting farther and farther away from the noise of the cracking underbrush. Then he turned in a new direction and floundered on. For five minutes he kept up the pace as well as he could and was astounded to find that he had not yet come up with his comrades. He raised his voice and shouted. There was no answering cry. He cocked his carbine, put it to his shoulder and pressed the trigger and then eagerly listened. In less than a minute two answering shots were heard from what seemed to be a point afar off. The density of the chaparral growth was in itself an obstacle to the transmission of sound.

Trooper Thomas turned as he supposed in the direction from which the shot signals came and once more fought his way through the thicket. He struggled on for a few minutes and then slipped another cartridge into his Springfield and fired. He listened intently for five minutes, but no answering discharge gladdened his ear. He fired three more shots in rapid succession. Still no answer. The cavalryman was lost in an almost impenetrable jungle, through which every step of progress was a toiling pain and where there was no means whatsoever to give him a key to direction. He stood still for a few minutes to think what was best to do. He had no compass, and while he knew that the northern edge of the chaparral was within a comparatively short distance he had not the remotest idea whether that edge lay before him, behind him or at his right or left. For two days thick, heavy clouds had obscured the sky. They were full of the promise of rain, which would not come. Time after time the few people living in the region had looked upon just such lowering clouds with some gleam of hope that they might let fall a burden of blessed showers. There was promise, but no fulfilment. The heavy, murky bank, however, served, with the aid of the matted canopy of the chaparral, to prevent the lost cavalryman from getting any idea, however faint, of the position of the sun. North, south, east and west were alike to him.

Trooper Thomas finally determined to trust to luck, and taking the course which he thought was right he worked his way through the thorny growth. For two hours he toiled on, and then in despair he realized to a certainty that he was hopelessly astray. When the line had been deployed Thomas had left his canteen behind, and he now began to suffer severely from thirst.

Hours passed, and still neither opening in the chaparral nor the glint of water gladdened his eye. The trooper slipped a cartridge from his belt, and taking his knife cut the head bullet from the brass cup. He put the missile in his mouth and it momentarily relieved his raging thirst.

It was beginning to grow dusk, and the soldier realized that he must spend the night in the chaparral. He cut some of the thick leaves of the prickly pear, and scraping off the thorns from the green surface chewed the pulp for the slight relief that the juice afforded. Then he cleared a place, and lying down tried to sleep. Physically worn out though he was, his thirst and the horror of his situation kept him awake. Toward morning he had a little feverish sleep that brought no rest. As the first streak of daylight stole into the chaparral the trooper was on his feet and on his way once more. The puckering juice of the prickly pear leaves seemed simply to have aggravated his thirst, and his suffering was beginning to be more intense than can be expressed in words. Painfully making his way along, Thomas came to an open place in the chaparral. At the farther side of it he heard a crackling, and in a moment a peccary—one of the little wild hogs of the Texas jungle—broke into the clearing. Thomas steadied himself with an effort. He raised his carbine, aimed and fired. The shot was a clean one, and the little wild pig fell dead in its tracks. To ease the pangs of his thirst Thomas drank of the animal's blood, and it gave him strength and courage to keep on. The effect of the drink, however, was not lasting, and in an hour's time he found himself suffering as keenly as before. He strode along, however, with occasional rests, all through the morning and the long afternoon. At night he was half delirious with suffering, but the utter exhaustion of his body forced him into slumber. He slept in a troubled way for some hours, and then, waking, found his suffering so intense that remaining still was impossible, and through the darkness of that Southern chaparral he stumbled on. Finally he fell from sheer exhaustion and lay for some time in a half-dazed condition.

Then the morning came. Little by little some expression of returning sense came into the trooper's face. He looked straight ahead, and there, not ten yards in front of him, he saw that there was a break in the thicket. New life came to him in an instant, and he fairly dashed through the underbrush. In a moment he stood at the chaparral's edge. Before him lay a great clearing, with a house in its center. With a cry of joy the soldier made his way to the building. It was deserted. There was not a sign of life anywhere, and all around, completely inclosing the clearing, he saw the chaparral walls. A great wooden cistern, such as one finds in southern countries, rose beside the house. In the times when there had been rain water had poured from the roof into the cistern. There was a faucet six inches from the bottom of the great tank. Thomas almost staggered as he went to it and turned the handle. Not a drop of water trickled out. He was at the verge of despair, but with that hope which is always present even at fortune's lowest ebb he thought that it was possible that a little water might still remain in the cistern below the point tapped by the faucet. He climbed upon a shed and from thence to the roof of the dwelling. The top of the cistern was covered, save for the small hole into which the pipe from the eaves trough ran. The trooper tore off two of the rotting boards and looked into the cistern depths. Far down, below the entering place of the spigot he saw something glisten. It was water. He cut strips from his suspenders and from his clothing, and letting down an old tin pot that he had found in the house he managed to draw up a mouthful of water. It was stagnant and ill smelling, but no draught that man ever took seemed sweeter to him than did that drink of green-coated cistern water to Trooper Thomas. He let the can down again and again, and drank until new life and strength came to him. He knew that there must be a disused trail leading somewhere through the chaparral from the clearing. He made a circuit of the jungle's edge and finally found the trail. He knew not where it would lead, but he knew also that his only hope lay in following it. He had not gone more than a hundred yards before he met two Mexicans, who proved not to belong to the bandit gang. They gave him something to eat, and agreed to pilot him back to the camp of his troop. It was then that Trooper Thomas made the astounding discovery that, although he had been wandering for forty-eight hours, he was not five miles from the place where he had lost the flank of the skirmish line. Compassless and with no landmarks to guide him, he had been practically traveling in a circle until when, in the half delirium of the second night in the chaparral, he had risen, and going blindly ahead had managed to keep for a while in a straight line.—Chicago Record.

WHAT A JOURNALIST IS.

How He Differs From a Plain, Ordinary Newspaper Man.

After his lecture before the journalistic class at Cornwall University, a sophomore asked Eli Perkins when he became a journalist.

"Never," said Eli, "but I do hope, after twenty years' more experience, to become a newspaper man."

"Well, what is the difference?" asked the sophomore.

"Just this, my son," said Eli. "A callow reporter calls himself a journalist. As George Welshons says, 'in his first tadpole stage, when his head is swelled,' he is a journalist. If he finally shows great brain and industry, and escapes the fool-killer, he may become a reporter. After years of study and toil, and when his brains are stuffed with wisdom, wit and discretion enough to kill his own editorials and 'make up' a sixteen-page Sunday edition, then I say he's a newspaper man."

"Then this is as high in the profession as he can get?"

"Yes; he is now at the pinnacle. By and by, when he gets lazy and stiff and old and stupid, they reduce him to the position of editor.

"An editor is a decayed newspaper man with bunions on his brain, chilblains on his heart, corns on his ears and warts and dyspepsia on his liver. The business of the editor is to sleep uptown all day and at night he prowls around a newspaper office, and at midnight he takes a blue pencil and assassinates every bright and readable idea that the smart reporters have brought in during the day.

"The editor is all epithet, while the reporter is all proof. The editor calls a man a chicken thief and gets sued for libel, while the reporter, kodak in hand, interviews him while picking off the feathers in his back yard, and the next day the thief takes a whole advertisement to shut up the newspaper.

"No," continued Eli, "I hope I am a newspaper man, and I dread the time when I shall get old and stupid and have to kill my own bright things which made the people glad, sold newspapers and made Americans know me."

How to Fit a Shoe.

"People would find less difficulty in suiting themselves with ready-made shoes," said an experienced shoemaker, "if they would stand up to have them fitted. Nine persons out of ten require a particularly comfortable chair when they are having shoes tried on, and it is difficult to make them stand for a few minutes even when the shoe is fitted. Then, when they begin to walk about, they are surprised that the shoes are less comfortable than they were when first fitted. The reason is simple.

"The foot is smaller when one sits in a chair than it is when one is walking about. Exercise brings a considerable quantity of blood to the feet, which accordingly swell. The muscles also expand. These facts must be borne in mind when one buys one's shoes, or discomfort and disappointment are sure to be the result. People who are not comfortable in ready-made shoes should have both feet measured. The result will generally be the discovery that they have feet of different sizes, and therefore need specially made shoes."—Washington Star.

London's First Railway.

The last remaining relic of the first railway in London has just disappeared from public view, having fallen wearily into the waters of the Wandle. It was in 1801, or nearly a century ago, that an act was passed authorizing the construction of a railway from Wandsworth to Croydon, the sleepers being of stone and horses the motive power. The scheme included a dock at Wandsworth, and it is the ancient wooden crane connected therewith which has just committed suicide in despair at the futility of its life.—London Chronicle.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

What is known to geographers as the Cordilleras de los Andes is the longest and the highest range of mountains in the world. It extends from Tierra del Fuego to the Isthmus of Panama, and although some of the peaks of the Himalayas are higher they are not as numerous.

Chemical examinations made in the laboratory of the University of Urbana, Ill. have shown that soil in which for twenty-four years Indian corn has been annually raised showed fifty per cent. more exhaustion than soil on which for the same length of time there had been a rotation of crops, no manure having been used in either case.

Dr. F. A. Cook, describing the effects of the long Antarctic night on the human body and mind, says that on the exploring ship Belgica, as the cold night lengthened, all became pale "with a kind of greenish hue." The heart grew feeble in its action. The men were incapable of concentrated attention, or of prolonged thought. One sailor was driven to the verge of insanity, but when the returning sun began to appear above the horizon he recovered.

The ecliptic is the sun's path, the great circle of the celestial sphere in which the sun appears to describe his annual course from west to east, really corresponding to the path which the earth describes. The ecliptic has been divided into twelve equal parts, each of which contains thirty degrees, and which are occupied by the twelve celestial signs or constellations. These are also called the signs of the zodiac, the zodiac being a belt of the heavens, extending nine degrees on each side of the ecliptic.

Between the northern point of Long Island and Watch Hill lies a row of little islands, two of which, Plum Island and Goose Island, possess a peculiar form of mineral wealth. It consists in heaps of richly-colored quartz pebbles, showing red, yellow, purple and other hues, which are locally called agates. They are used in making stained-glass windows, and there is a sufficient demand for them in New York City to keep the owners of one or two sloops employed in gathering them from the beaches, where the waves continually roll and polish them, bringing out the beauty of their colors.

According to the recent studies of Signor De Sanctis, of Turin, children begin to dream before their fourth year, but are unable to recall dreams before the age of four or five. This age, he concludes, is that at which a child first becomes distinctly conscious of self. Aged people dream less frequently and less vividly than the young. Women's dreams are more frequent, more vivid and better remembered than those of men. Criminals and delinquents dream much less frequently and much less vividly than other people. Two-thirds of the most depraved criminals examined by Signor De Sanctis were never conscious of dreaming. This is ascribed to lack of mental activity.

Astronomers are bringing forward numerous theories to explain the gonenschein, the great patch that sometimes grows mysteriously in the sky at midnight. The light occurs near the ecliptic, but usually two or three degrees removed from exact opposition to the sun, and is quite generally believed to have no connection with the earth's atmosphere. A plausible, though not wholly satisfactory, view is that it is a reflection from the ring of fragments to which the known asteroids belong. Another suggestion is that it is a comet-like tail of hydrogen and helium streaming away from the earth in a direction opposite to the sun, while many astronomers are inclined to connect the phenomenon with the meteoric ring producing the zodiacal light.

An Article We Import.

"One of the most important of the few British products at present largely used in this country is chalk," said a wholesale dealer. "It comes from the banks of the River Thames, and between 175,000 and 180,000 barrels of the material are consumed in the United States annually. In its crude form remarkable flint fossils are sometimes found, usually the remains of fish. The process of manufacture from the natural state to that of a form when it can be utilized for commercial purposes is simple. When received at the English mill the chalk is put into great machines and ground in water. It is then floated off into vats of clear water, where all the impurities and foreign substances are precipitated, the water being afterward drawn off by a series of filtering operations, and the soft residuum dried by steam heat and exposure to the air. The substance is then reduced to a powder of different degrees of fineness by grinding in a burr mill and bolting, when it is ready to be packed in barrels and shipped for use.

"In America the largest consumers of chalk are the rubber goods manufacturers. Rubber in its crude state being sticky, unmanageable, and available only for very simple purposes, becomes vulcanized and hardened by adding to it chalk while it is hot, thus rendering it suitable for the various uses to which it is put. A large quantity of chalk is also employed in the preparation of paint and putty, being termed whiting when in this form."—Washington Star.

A Cement Grain Elevator.

A cement grain elevator will be built at Duluth, Minn. It will have a capacity of close on 4,000,000 bushels of grain.